# The Second Honeymoon

By RUBY M. AYRES Author of "The Woman Hater" and "The Black Sheep"

THE PERSONS IN THE STORY JIMMY CHALLONER, man-about-town, dependent on the rather inade-quate funds which an older brother provides. Jimmy is passionately in love with Cynthia Farrow.

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CYNTHIA FARROW, brilliant stage beauty, with a score of admirers.

CHRISTINE WYATT, Jimmy's childhood sweetheart, a delicate, rented girl, whom he has not seen for several years. She is visiting in the city with her mother.

What and Christine were just entering globesty, with a secret AT.

CHRIST PARROW brilload single beauty, with a secret AT.

CHRIST whom he has not sees for secret girl, whom he has not sees for seed girl, whom he has not sees for girl with her seed of the place of the place of the seed of the seed of the place of the seed of the seed of the place of the

thing." she broke out passionately.
Challoner looked up. What can I say, if this is true."
"It is true." her face was flushed. There was a hard look in her eyes as if she wore trying to keep back tears. After a moment she moved over to where he sat and laid a hand on his shoulder.
Jimmy Challoner turned his head and kissed it.
"Don't take it so badly, Jimmy. It's—it's worse for me." her voice broke. A cleverer man than Jimmy Challoner might have heard the little theatricat touch in the words, but Jimmy was too resemblely miserable himself to be critical.

At the first sob he was on his feet. He put his arms around her; he laid his cheek against her hair; but he did not kiss her. Afterward he wondered what instinct it was that kept him from kissing her. He broke out into passionate protestations.
"I can't give you up. There must be some way out for us all. You don't yow him and you do care for me. It can't be true, it's—it's some abominable trick to part us, Cynthia."
"It is true," she said again. "It is true," she said again. "It is true," she she hid her face in her hands. Once she looked at him through her white fingers to see how he was taking it yery badly indeed. He stood biting his lip hard. His hands were clenched.

"For God's sake, don't cry," he broke out at length. "It drives me mad to see you cry. I'll find a way out. We should have been so happy. I can't give you wish it." He spoke incoherently and stammeringly. His was really very much in love.

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looking at him: "There was a gent with her, sir—Mr. Mortlake, I think."

Challener went out into the main blindly. He had to pass the theatre to get back to the main street. Mrs. Wyatt and Christine were just entering a taxi. Christine saw him. She touched his arm diffidently as he passed.

"Jimmy!"

Challener pulled up short. He would have avoided them had it been at all possible.

Mortlake.

"For God's sake, don't cry," he broke out at length. "It drives me mad to see you cry. I'll find a way out. We should not yell the see have cry. I'll find a way out. We should not yell the say have yell the say really very much in love, and now the thought of separation was a burning jalas, magnifying that love, and now the thought of separation was a burning jalas, magnifying that love, and now the thought of separation was a burning jalas, magnifying that love, and now the thought of separation was a burning jalas, magnifying that love, and now the thought of separation was a burning jalas, magnifying that love, and now the thought of separation was a burning jalas, magnifying that love, and the separation was a burning jalas, magnifying that love, and now the show so year. I can't was a love to the separation was a state of the separation was a state when Jimmy got home to his head ached vilely, but he never sight had been crying very bitterly. That's my call it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it shall have to go. Don't keep me now. I'll write, Jimmy, 'That's my call, it sh

THE GUMPS-A Deposit for the Dough She Took



#### SOMEBODY'S STENOG-In Which We Attend to Some Long -Neglected Correspondence

DEAR LIOSEPHINE ...... SYLVIA -THANKS - WE'LL PULL YOU ROOTING FOR OLD BILL BAGY'S SON TOO? THAT ONE MEXT VACATION ALLRIGHT . PATIENCE! DEAR MP. HAYWARD -WHAT HAPPENED

TO OLD BILL BAGY'S I WOULD LIKE TO SEE CAMILLE MARRY MR. SMITHER'S SON WOULDN'T THAT BE THRILLIMG? HELEN H. NARBETH.PA. THE OFFICE FORCE? DORETHEA , M.Y. THINK THE BOSS HAS HIM STUCK AWAY

GOOD. WE THINK

CAM GETS FAIR PAY

DEAR HELEN . YES! SO THRILLING IN THE STOCK ROOM WE'LL LOOK HIM UP IT WOULD PUT AN END THE COMIC - BUT THANK YOU - GEN DEAR CHARLES D. -YOUR "SUGAR COATED EDITH -AUT" IDEAIS FINE. YOUR ADVICE IS

SOON - aRN BUT YOU CAN JUST SHE DOESN'T BET THINK SO TEN "LITTLE SICK BETTY"-HOPE YOU ARE FEELING BETTEP- ACH

DEAR SIR -WE ARE TWO GIRLS DEEPLY INTERESTED IN CAM AND HER FRIENDS. KHOW WHY CAM DOESA'T GET HITCHED UP TO THE BOSSES SON AND WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO VENICE AND HER SWELL MOVIE ACTOR,

HITCHED - AND "VENICE" - OH GIRLS! NEXT YOU'LL HAVE VENUS" COMING TO THE OFFICE IN A GONDOLA:

BLONDIE + BRUNETTE

THINK VENUS HAD A DATE WITH HER MOVIE ACTOR JUST LAST AIGHT. HER UPPER LIP WAS ALL RED THIS MORNING. BUT, LISTEN DON'T SAY I TOLD YOU arn

While Dad Was Very Busy With His "Hooch" Outfit

ddenly appears on

GEE IF THEY KEEP MR. HATWARD COMIN' IN I'LL HAVE TO ROMANCE IN MARY DOODLE'S LIFE. HIRE AN AMANUSINCESISS OR WHATEVER IT IS" WITH A HANDSOME YOU CALL WHAT ) I AM! SHOULD LOVE HER (DON'T FORGET) UP DIFFERENTLY

By Fontaine Fox

DEAR LENA -HOLY BUCKWHEAT! MARY'S BEEN ROUND LOTS! WE WILL TRY MAN HANDSOME ENOUGH , BUT MARY'S A STRONG-ARM AND LIKES TO LOVE SOMETHING DELICATE!

TRY AND PUT SOME LET HER FALL IN LOVE YOUNG MAN, AND HE DRESS HER UP NICELY AND PUT HER HAIR FOR HER. LENA

: :

I HAVE JUST DIS-COVERED CAMILLES CAMOUFLAGE -CAM O'FLAGE ! WON'T YOU PLEASE MAKE HER DO SOMETHING TO SHOW THIS ? - ALINE

DEAR ALINE -NO DOUBT ABOUT IT YOU ARE A BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL! · alu

DORIS FREE, ELOIS EGAN, GT., ET., K.K. AND M.K. -YES WE'LL HAVE THE "SATURDAY AIGHT DANCES AGAIN. CAM'S

HAD A LOT ON HER MIND BUT SHE SAYS THIS WINTER SHE'LL DANCE A
HOLLOW IN THE
FLOOR - ORN

DEAR H.G.C. YOUR IDEA WAS FINE AND WE WILL USB IT YET! azu

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"GEORGE"-YES, CAM LIKES SLEDDING . YOU MUST BE HAVING AN EARLY WINTER, GEN

PLEASE HAVE MR. SMITHER'S SON O'FLAGE AND HAVE THEM

KISS A READER SAN FRANCISCO. OH DEAR READER! OH MY DEAR OH MY DEAR OH MY DEAR ME READER! LAUGH, I THOUGHT

I'D DIE! - OKN

CAMILE, SHE IS SUCH A REGULAR GIRL AND LEAVES A GOOD TASTE IN YOUR MOUTH. GERTIE, PITTSBURG BERTIE - I THANK YOU CAMILLE THANKS YOU. HER MOTHER THANKS

By Hayware

I THINK A LOT OF

GREAT-GREAT-GREAT

GRAND AUNT THANKS You - ach WON'T YOU PLEASE INVENT SOME MORE SLANG! LIKE HOLY BUCK WHEAT ?

PEACH AND DOT YOU CAN FILM

AE. HAYWARD - 37

#### The Young Lady Across the Way

SOA? IS HE ON

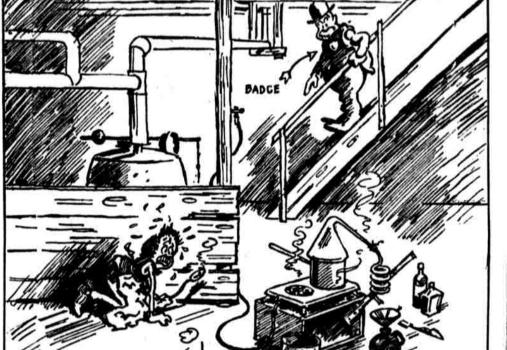
DEAR DORETHIA -

WE'LL GET A WHOLE

WEEK OUT OF IT



The young lady across the way says her father regards the financial conditions as rather unsettled and doesn't expect to take on any new investitures until after election.



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG OH, THE TEACHER ARE THEY BITIN' VERY GOOD ? WEEDS AND POSSES \_\_\_\_\_

### PETEY-The Soup Beaned Him









## "CAP" STUBBS-Nothing Would Have Saved Him









